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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 176.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[BY JOHN O' GAUNT.]

THERE are not many topics in the rôle of subjects, which are open to the modern scribe, more used-up than the one which gives the title to this little sketch. The old village pedagogue, and his simple, homely school, have been written about from generation to generation, and although, thanks to the present system of "cram," which is called education, his occupation is almost gone, and he is becoming an extinct being, his name and fame will live in records which are undying, and his peculiarities will not be forgotten.

Not a dozen miles from Manchester, a fine specimen of the Lancashire schoolmaster once kept watch over the mental welfare of sundry urchins, who composed rather a heterogeneous flock, such as is never seen elsewhere than in a country school. He was a tall, gaunt, large-boned man, who had fought a hard battle with the world, and had only come off second-best. Well fitted for his duties, he took a conscientious pride, not only in giving instruction to the young, but, in various other ways peculiar to himself, never missing an opportunity of instilling a wholesome lesson into the adult section of the little community to which he belonged. The magistrates of our modern School Boards (which, in the admirable perfection of their workings, compel everyone to send their children to school who do not need any compulsion, and allow the poor arab they should educate to run wild as before,) would have held up their hands with horror, and turned up their eyes in moral indignation at the sight of our good dominie, as he sat in the cozy corner of the "Nag's Head" parlour, with his long pipe and steaming glass, doing all he could to combine instruction with amusement; rich in anecdote, good-humoured, versatile, and right jovial company withal. He sometimes met with his match, and would join in the laugh against himself amongst the loudest.

One night, after descanting at some length to his "chums" at the usual rendezvous upon the subject of religious persecutions, and dwelling especially upon the shocking barbarities of the reign of Queen Mary, he expressed his astonishment that so little was known of the history of this country by the general body of its inhabitants; saying that he had no hesitation in asserting that not one person there present could tell him where Cranmer was burnt, or where Guy Faux was hanged.

"Aw con tell yo'," said one of his hearers, confidently.

"Well, Leech, I shall be glad to hear you."

"Aw'll bet yo' glasses rearound aw con."

"I am not in the habit of laying or taking a wager," said the schoolmaster, "but I have no objection to pay for glasses round on your giving me a satisfactory reply."

"Oh, aw'll lyev it to th' company," said Leech.

This was agreed to, and Leech, turning to the rest said, triumphantly—

"Why, t' one wor brunt i'th' foyre, an' t' other wor hung ut th' eend of a rope!"

The laugh was very loud, and the schoolmaster's, as was usual, was the loudest.

"Yo' munno' think ut nob'dy knows nowt bo yersel!" said Leech.

"Aw con tell yo' a greyt deal o' thoose sort o' things. Dun yo' know wher ow'd Oliver Cromill wor at th' Battle o' Wayerloo?"

"No, that I really do not," said the laughing dominie.

"Why, he'r i'th' greawnd, an had bin mony a yer," said Leech, amidst another shout of laughter, in which the pedagogue heartily joined.

He was once completely upset by Leech at an election. The schoolmaster was presiding at one of the polling-booth when Leech entered.

"You are in the wrong booth, Leech," said he; "this booth is only for A to H; you will have to go to L."

"Theigher!" shouted Leech; "thear's talk fro' a skoomester! Did onybody ever yer me swear loike that? Beant ony provokin, too! It's enoof to may one's yure ston' up to yer a mon ut ow't to be teyehin folk to be good-nayter't to one another, cursin o' that 'ns! What dun yo' o think abeaut it?"

In vain the schoolmaster tried to explain, the more he talked the louder the laugh became against him, so, after requesting a friend present to act for him, he left the field to his triumphant tormentor.

At the election dinner which followed, our dominie, being greatly annoyed by the questionings of a half-witted representative of an old baronetcy, on the subject of his family, turned a look upon the other, which would have done credit to Doctor Johnson, and thundered out—

"Sir, my family was worn out and worm eaten before I came into it, and I prefer now, if heaven wills, to perpetuate my name by my own works, than to make stepping-stones to an unmerited fame of the bodies of my buried ancestors!" At the same dinner his old friend Leech was again to the fore. Each guest was provided with a small bill of fare, and the worthy mentor having asked for cheese, Leech cried out in a *stage whisper*, loud enough to be heard by all the room:—"Hallo! skoomester, han yo' gotten deawn th' papper so fur? Why, aw started at th' same toime as yo', an' aw've nobbut gotten deawn to th' matton, an' aw'm welly brastin! By th' mass, bo yo' han soided a rare lot! Why, yo' con gi' me have a day's start!"

Notwithstanding all this "jaw" the two were fast friends. On one occasion, when the pedagogue had been grossly insulted by one of the roughs of the place, Leech took his part, and seizing the offender by the ears, knocked his head a few times against the wall, saying:—"Theigher! aw'll teyeh thee to behave thysel i' company as theau owt!" The other, although completely at his mercy, gasped out:—"Theau conno' do it! aw defy other thee or onybody else to do that!" The *naïveté* of the reply restored instant good humour, and procured the fellow's pardon.

Our schoolmaster was looked up to by all as a perfect paragon of erudition, and if any question arose, in the slightest degree "knotty," the word was, invariably, "Ax th' skoomester." The village lads used to take off their hats to him as he passed them either on foot or in saddle (for he sometimes rode a hack which was kept by the host of the "Nag's Head"), and he had become so accustomed to this salutation that he would have felt greatly surprised had it been omitted, as on one occasion it was by a newly-imported boy from a more distant place. He accosted the lad, and after a few moral inculcations, he told him to go home and tell his father to put a handle to his hat. Away went the urchin accordingly, and told his father what had been said, who replied:—"He only wants thee to tay thy cap off to him; th' next time theau meets him, stond whear he con see thee weel, an' tay it off, an' mak him a bow"—advice which the lad most scrupulously followed, for, meeting with the pedagogue the next day, on horseback, he got on the top of a low wall, and made a most sweeping salute, passing his cap right in front of the horse's eyes. The animal, startled by the sudden apparition, shied from his path, and, dashing through a low hedge on the other side of the road, safely deposited the schoolmaster in the prickly branches of a thorn. He escaped with a few trifling scratches, but he did not seem afterwards very particular in exacting the obeisance of his flock whilst on horseback.

Such are the few reminiscences of a good old Lancashire dominie; where shall we now look for his prototype? The disciples of Cocker, Walkinghame, and Lindley Murray are getting fewer by degrees and further between, and although you yet find a melancholy pleasure in coming upon one of those educational books of the olden time, and turning over its dog-eared leaves, whilst old memories, called up by its presence, crowd upon the imagination, you feel a too-certain consciousness of the march

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of time and your advance in years, which reminds you that the pupils of the old pedagogues, as well as the old pedagogues themselves, are fast becoming recollections of "things that were," and you close the little volume with a sigh, and an unspoken wish that the green turf may lightly lie over the remains of your early friend, the Village Schoolmaster. Peace to his manes!

THE SOUTH AFRICAN HASH.

SAYS Chelmsford—"I long have repined,
And cannot but deem it unkind,
That my humble address unto you
For homeward recall,
Wasn't noticed at all,
And I'm left in a terrible stew—
The Zulu
Is not a nice foeman to view.
"I some time ago felt very weak,
And thought it my duty to speak,
So therefore attention I drew
To my failing condition,
By making petition
To my good friend the "Dook," for I knew
The Zulu
Was beginning a tempest to brew."
Says the "Dook"—"It is all very well
For Chelmsford that story to tell,
But to me it is something quite new;
It must not be believed
That I ever received
Such a document—worse than a Jew
Or Zulu
I should be such a thing to eschew.
"So non mi recordo shall be
All the answer you'll get out of me—
The Horse Guards I refer you then to,
Where each of my 'slaveys'
Knows better than brave his
Great chief when he puts on the screw—
The Zulu
Is a subject they dare not pursue."
Says Sir Bartle—"Whatever you say,
My friend Chelmsford was wearing away,
And 'tis long since I gave you the cue;
But he's now got all right,
And willing to fight—
And has shown all the teachers he knew,
The Zulu
Will teach him a lesson or two.
"And we both must be right, for the Queen
Has our wond'rous proficiency seen,
For when others their credit withdrew,
Her belief she expressed
That 'twas all for the best,
That, as we more insolent grew,
The Zulu
Our troops both surrounded and slew."
Says Colenso—"These people I've known,
And can testify that they have shown
No desire with our blood to imbue
Their peaceable hands;
And, as the case stand,
You have really no cause to pursue
The Zulu
With the bloodthirsty ardour you do."
Says the nation—"We cannot endorse
All the muddling and roundabout course,
But insist upon having a clue
To the first instigator
(And sad perpetrator)
Of this unjust attempt to subdue
The Zulu,
Which a nation with tears will bedew."

Two Irishmen were in prison—the one for stealing a cow and the other for stealing a watch. "Hollo! Mike! What time is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any timepiece handy—but I think it is most milking time."

GO ON, MY LORD.

(Vide Lord Justice Coleridge to the Bishop of Oxford.)

Scene: 'Bus Room, Old Boar's Head. Two hand-loom weavers in conversation.

JACK O' SAL'S: Awst never do no moor good, to mi thinkin, sin' aw see heaw th' Judge spok' t'th' poor Bishop. Bless mi heart, if heed aw said as mich to mee, as he said to th' Bishop, aw should ha' bin fur thro' the summat at his yed.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Neaw then, stop thi gam. Aw know theau cares no moor abeaut th' Bishop ner he cares for pidgeon pie.

JACK O' SAL'S: Spake for thisel. Dost theau think I'm a Zulu? an' wants to worry th' Bishop.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Weel, weel. Bo what is it has bin sed to th' Bishop? He's a very dacent chap, I'm sure. Th' best o'th' pack I've seen f' o' mi loife.

JACK O' SAL'S: Oh, bo it's Bishop o' Oxford I meon. He's bin i'th' lav coourt becose he wouldno' mak a Rector do as he owt i'th' sarvice i'th' parish church.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: An' heaw did th' judge come to say "Go on" to th' Bishop?

JACK O' SAL'S: Why, th' Bishop wouldno' gie one o' them lawyer chaps th' job o' prating for him, an' he wur makkin a lung speech to say as he didno' come hissel to save his pocket, bo becose he knew th' case better ner a lawyer could larn it.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: By th' mass, an' I'll bet he could talk it as weel.

JACK O' SAL'S: Theaur't rect theer, that's reason th' lawyers an' pairsons couldno' agree to settle their affairs i' one coourt; they thowt as how they boath had lungest tung, an' as they couldno' decide th' pint, th' king i' thoos days gan um a coourt apiece. An', by geauw, hanna they made th' peple swat for it!

YEB O' ISAAC'S: An' what coourt dosta meon th' pairson's got?

JACK O' SAL'S: Th' Heeclesiastics Coourt, they coan in, an' a mighty dear coourt it wur. They usen th' charge twice th' price o' other lawyers, an' got their money before they opened their manuth.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Weel, they will ha' money someheaw, whatever yo' see.

JACK O' SAL'S: Aw dunno' faw eant wi' um abeaut that; everybody does as mich i' that line as they con, bo when they begin o' fawing and among theirsels we hear sum bonny tales, aw tell thi.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Weel, wot wur't do wi' th' Bishop an' th' lawyers when th' judge tow'd him t' "Go on?"

JACK O' SAL'S: Oh, aw conno' tell thi. It ud tek me a week to tell thi.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Then why dosta keep grinning theer loike a Cheshire tom cat?

JACK O' SAL'S: Becose it just suited mi ta yer a bit o' truth' fro' th' lawyer to th' pairson-lord, an' to all other lords, too; on'y, I'll be bound he didno' intend that when he spok'.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Wot are tha driving at neaw? Artno' satisfied yet wi' th' lords?

JACK O' SAL'S: Nawe; nor I. Heaw con I be satisfied wi' um? Dunno' they keep as mich lond idle as would keep us o, an' plenty t' spare, if it wur cultivated?

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Oh, bo that's noan their fawt. They're loikly t' keep o they con. Theau does th' same thisel.

JACK O' SAL'S: Theaur't rect; bo there's no comparison between us, an' th' principle even is no' th' same. Th' lords, an' a few Parlyment men, howd o' th' lond i'th' kingdom; an' when they dun nowt wi' it they suffer a little theirsels; but th' damage to suchan as us conna be tow'd. Neaw, whot aw do i' takkin care o' mi brass, or owt aw've got, isno' a damage, bo a benefit o' reauund; becose aw'st ne'er goo to th' warkheause, an' so live o'th' rates. Bo a lord wi' a lot o' idle lond is livin o'th' rates o' his loife.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Good un, Jack; tell a big un whoile theaur't at it. Aw suppos tha'll say tha wouldna loike t' live i'th' same way thisel?

JACK O' SAL'S: Theaur't rect, theer; aw wouldna. Aw'm wun o' Burnt's socart—

"The coward slave I'd pass him by.
I dare be free, an' a that."

YEB O' ISAAC'S: That's fine talk, anyheaw. Bo wot's aw this got t' do with th' judge tellin th' Bishop t' "Go on?"

JACK O' SAL'S: Just this. Th' judge knew o' such chaps as th' Bishop needed a push to wakken um up. An' he tow'd him i' that friendly way

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Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent on invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

soons th' Bishop wouldna be surprist if he an' aw th' lords and loundowners hadt' "go on" a deal faster than they usent' do.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: What's use o' botherin' abeaut things us ha bin i' this road for hundreds o' ye's? Th' lond wur o' reet fur thi gronfayther, why winno' it do fur thee?

JACK O' SAL'S: Neaw tha says it. This is th' rayson. Every ye'r lond is gettin' i' fewer an' still fewer honds. Aw've a bit a papper i' mi pocket by that Owdham chap that's dun so mich wi' akeants upo' that subject.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Does tha meean Nuttall?

JACK O' SAL'S: Aye, an' a rum un it is, too, aw tell thi. Aw suppoos tha thinks if tha had sum lond tha owt ha' it o' to thisel when tha wanted it?

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Of coorse aw do. Why not?

JACK O' SAL'S: Weel, just think wot ud happin if o' thoons loundowners took it i' their yeds to ha' th' lond to theirsels, an' gan us o' marching orders.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Oh, bo they'd never do that.

JACK O' SAL'S: That's like enoof. Bo th' very fewness o' thoons chaps wi' lond, as compared wi' thoons as lives i' th' country o' together, just shows thi heaw silly it is to leav that matter i' their honds a' o.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Wot does Nuttall's papper say abeaut th' number o' loundowners? Read it to me.

JACK O' SAL'S: Yer thi. Heer goos:—

"A glance at these various tables shows that there are 972,836 landowners in England and Wales—921,816 being in England, and 51,520 in Wales. The extent of land owned by these persons is 33,013,510 acres, of which 29,179,622 acres are in England, and 3,833,888 in Wales. The annual rental receivable is £24,443,931 for England, or equal to an average of £3. 4s. 8d. per acre; and for Wales £4,908,372, or an average of £1. 5s. 7d. per acre—the total of England and Wales being £29,352,303, or averaging £3. 0s. 2d. per acre.

"Of the 972,836 owners, there are no less than 703,289 persons who own less than one acre each, their total holding being only 151,148 acres, or an average of one-fifth of an acre to each person. If these persons are to be classed amongst the 'monopolists' of the soil, what title are we to give the Earl of Derby, who owns more land than one-half of all these persons put together? or what title must we add to that of the Duke of Northumberland, who owns 181,616 acres, or 30,000 acres more than the whole of these 703,289 persons?

"The number of persons owning between one acre and 100 acres each is 226,940, the acreage they own being 4,146,806 (one-eighth of the whole of England and Wales), or an average of 19 acres to each person. I had intended to analyse these still further, and ascertain the number of owners between 50 and 100 acres, and the number below 50 acres each. Time, however, has not allowed me to do this; but I venture the opinion that four-fifths of the whole of the above number will be found to own below 50 acres each.

"Leaving the owners of less than 100 acres, and turning to those above, I find there are 18,674 persons who own between 100 and 200 acres each, their holding being 2,519,195 acres, or an average of 135 acres to each person.

"Thus far we have disposed of 948,903 owners out of the total of 972,836, leaving only 23,933 remaining. Those already dealt with own amongst them 6,816,949 acres of land—about one-fifth part of the whole of England and Wales, or an average of seven acres to each person; whilst those which remain to be dealt with hold amongst them no less than 26,196,561, out of a total of 33,013,510 acres. If we add to the 23,933 persons one-third of the 18,674 who own between 100 and 200 acres each to make the number 30,000, and if also we add one-third of the land they own, we then find that 30,000 persons own no less than 27,000,000 acres—or, say, nine-elevenths of the whole soil of the country. Neither Mr. Mill nor Mr. Bright would have been far from the truth even if they had said that the whole soil was held by 30,000 persons."—"The Landowners of England and Wales," by Mr. William Nuttall, a paper read before the Manchester Statistical Society.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: By th' mass, wot a lot o' lond th' Yarl o' Darby an' th' Duke o' Northumberland own.

JACK O' SAL'S: Aye, an' tha mun remember this, too, that o' thoons chaps mak very little use o' their lond. Yarl Darby owns as much as abeaut half-a-million small loundowners, an' awm sure he doesno' do a quarter as mich good as they do. Th' Duke o' Northumberland owns 30,000 moor acres nor 351,000 other loundowners do, an' it's moor than

loikely he doesna do as mich good wi' o' his lond as a tenth part o' thoons chaps do wi' theirs.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: My eyes, bo that is a sarious state o' things, too. Heaw has o' this come abeaut?

JACK O' SAL'S: Why, becose wi are so fond o' doing as our faythers ha done. Wi' practise th' precept that mi fayther wur a foo' an' aw'll be a foo' too.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Get eant wi' thi. Wot doesa meean? We dunno say owt loike that, aw know.

JACK O' SAL'S: Neaw, wi dunno tell th' truth even to oursels, bo it is sooa.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Doesna tha believe i' prime-an-gin-i't'yure as they coan it?

JACK O' ISAAC'S: Oh aye, aw belcov a dead fayther helps th' eldest son to rob his mother an' o' tother part o' th' family. An' then th' son helps his brothers to get o' th' shops i' th' pay o' th' government; an' becose these chaps ha' high notions i' their yeds, wee get everything dun at th' highest possible price.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Wi may weel ha' sich lots o' taxes then, Jaek.

JACK O' SAL'S: Ay; an' tho' we han such a big national debt these younger sons keep egging us on to moor wars, becose theyrn wanting moor pay. An' it's soon o' renaud.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Heaw do they do these things abroad? Dun they do loike us?

JACK O' SAL'S: Neaw. No wheear i' th' world do they do loike us. I' France o' th' countrymen, welly, own th' lond they live on. Bo theau knoas th' French ats frogs, an' th' rich ud get pitched i' th' Say if they took o' th' lond an' frogs an' o, as they do heer.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Howd on theer. Thayre at it agen. Th' rich tay o' th' rabbits an' hares fro' us then—sooa theer's one fur me.

JACK O' SAL'S: Hulloo, here's bus. Let's bi gooin.

YEB O' ISAAC'S: Yoigh, "goo on." That sayin will do for us as weel as th' loundowners.

PYTHAGOREANS.

"Abstine à fabis—Abstain from beans."—Pythagoras.

IT may be of interest and instructive to the Manchester Pythagoreans and others to hear the following on Pythagoras from the *Noctes Attice* of Aulus Gellius, of the first century. An opinion equally ancient and false progressively prevailed, that Pythagoras the philosopher did not eat animal food; that he also abstained from beans, in Greek *κίβανος*. The poet Callimachus was of this opinion, "Not to touch beans, nor to eat of anything having blood, as Pythagoras has commanded, so do I." But Aristoxenus, the musician, relates that he lived much upon very young pigs and kids. This he appears to have learned from Xenophilus, the intimate friend of Pythagoras, and from certain others who were advanced in years, and lived not long after the age of Pythagoras, 504, B.C. What he says of animals is confirmed by Alexis, in the comedy which is called the *Life of Pythagoras*. "Take a cup of pure water, if you drink it crude it will be harsh and unpalatable." To be a thorough Pythagorean, "It was necessary to endure for a time want of food, *filth*, cold, silence, sorrow, and *not washing*." These dirty disciples were evidently the precursors of the monastic order. Why is dirt and piety so often combined? Why is the road to Paradise not made through cleaner channels? As to his not eating beans, the cause seems to be a verse of Empedocles, of the Phthagorean sect, to this effect, "Oh miserable, most miserable men, keep your hands from beans." Aristotle wrote the same thing of the Pythagoreans, that they did not abstain from eating animals, but only from a small part of them. The words of Plutarch, as the matter is curious, are here subjoined:—"Aristotle says the Pythagoreans abstained from the private parts, the heart, the sea urchin, and certain similar things, using all others indiscriminately." Among other extraordinary things told of this wonderful man, it is said that he once prevented an ox (should not this be an ass? P.D.) from eating beans by whispering in its ear. It is certain that the Egyptians scrupulously abstained from beans, and it is equally notorious that Pythagoras borrowed many of his ideas and dogmas from the Egyptians.

"Vegetables here take rank Divine;

On leeks and onions 'tis profane to dine.

Oh, holy nations! where the gardens bear

A crop of gods through all the live-long year."—Juvenal.

Why should men "Hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell?"

COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS (MADE TO ORDER.) JOHN CHETHAM, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, THE STREET, MANCHESTER.



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That the doctors have prescribed penitence and lime juice, for some time to come, to all concerned.

MR. JOHN SLAGG.

MANCHESTER Conservatives are in a bad way. They regard Mr. John Slagg as a strong candidate—stronger in every way than Mr. W. H. Houldsworth; and, having nothing substantial to bring against him, they are trying to abuse him in a general, rude sort of fashion, as is their custom. Mr. Slagg made an excellent speech at Newton Heath on Saturday night. The *Courier* cannot meet his arguments; consequently, it says he talked "nonsense." Let us see what Mr. Slagg's "nonsense" consisted of. Here is one thing he said:—"We are about to enter on a very important campaign. Remember, we are not going to attempt to reform this Government—that would be impossible; but, having tried it fairly, and having found it guilty of the commission of nearly every mistake and every blunder which a Government is capable of committing, we have determined to turn it out and replace it by a more honest and more successful administration. Now, it is not necessary to approach the condemnation of the present Ministry by assuming that they are a number of evil-hearted persons. No doubt, their private characters are very excellent, and no doubt they are very able, very exemplary men, persons of very great attainments; but we must judge of these men by their fruits, and the fruits of their legislation have been thoroughly unsatisfactory to the people of this country. It is worth your while to reflect, in engaging on this contest, how it is that when one set of men are in power, however amiable they may be personally, we almost invariably have bad trade, bad relations with foreign countries, and disasters and disturbances; whilst when another set of men are in power, we have almost invariably the very reverse of these conditions. Surely these facts must establish in your minds proof that there is something thoroughly wrong in the principles upon which this Tory party acts, or else that they are acting upon no principles whatever." We fail to see any nonsense in all this. Mr. Slagg next criticised the policy of the Government in plunging us into wars and adding to our expenditure and taxation. "Let us see," he proceeded, "what effect all this actually has upon trade. Up to this time, capitalists have suffered in far the greatest degree. Millowners have lost, both in the value of their premises, machinery, and working capital, to an enormous extent; but lately wages have been touched, and we hear of reductions on all sides, as the natural consequence of this continued bad trade. Thus, of all classes in the world, it becomes a working man's question. Capital can go on losing for a very long time; capitalists wont starve for a while; but the working men, who live simply from day to day, are in a very serious and very critical condition if this sort of policy goes on. Why, bad trade takes away from working men that independence which is their chief safeguard. They can, and very properly do, have unions to regulate their trade affairs, and they can have laws passed to regulate their hours of labour and leisure; but no laws and no unions in the world will make trade, nor will they induce masters to pay wages which are not earned. It therefore becomes a question for the working men of this country to take up most earnestly the question of turning this Government out of office. The Conservative working man has had the credit of putting the Government into power; I say let it be the honour of the Liberal working men to turn it out again. It is no use tinkering with it—it must go out." These are noble words. It may suit the *Courier* to write them down as "nonsense." The electors of Manchester will have a different tale to tell when the general election comes.

RATHER unexpected was the reply of the urchin who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently, "Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."

DIAMOND RING, 2s. 6d.,

with Paris Diamond in claw-setting, sparkles beautifully. SNAKE RINGS, 2s. 6d. (3 and 4 coils). STONKET, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. BUCKLE RINGS, 2s.; very Chaste BUCKLE, 5s., with or without 3 Stones. Ladies' Fancy Rings (assorted coloured stones), 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. CARRINGTON & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 578, Kingland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

THAT WEDDING.

MARRIAGE is a serious business; at least, we found it so. The prayer-book says, "It should not, by any, be enterprised, nor taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly," and the prayer-book is quite right. We know people who would prefer rushing sword in hand on a Zulu kraal, to being led as a sheep to the altar; but then these folk know what it is. They have gone through it once, but how could we expect Prince Arthur to know all this? He is a Prince, and could not well be expected to ask us, and we did not like to be rude and force it upon him, so he met his doom like a man. May he be happy!

We are nothing if not loyal, and as pressure of business detained us in Cottonopolis, our best man was sent to Windsor to do justice to the great event. He shall speak for himself.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT WINDSOR.*

[FROM OUR OWN SPECIAL.]

Dear Sir,—I had to travel first-class from London to Windsor, and want the difference between 3rd and 1st class (25s. 6½d.) placed to my credit. Of course this is unusual, but so is a royal marriage, and just hear how it came about. As I entered the station, at Paddington, and took my place in the row of third-class ticket getters, a ringing cheer told me to look out. I did as I was told, and saw 2 (two) sailor lads forking out tin for first-class tickets. I hadn't time to ask who they were before I saw that the booking-clerk was going to charge them full fare? "Gently there, my boy," said I to one of them; "ask him for half tickets or he'll do you." The lad smiled, and was about to reply, when a tall gentleman touched me on the shoulder and remarked, "I have charge of the princes; just mind your own business, please." I asked a bystander who he was, and who the princes were, and between his grins, he informed me they were "future Princes of Wales, or some other kind of fish," and that knocked me over, so that the 8-15 a.m. train had started before I recovered. I went into the refreshment-room to wait for the 10-35 special. I wasn't sorry. I drank some coffee, but it's not that I mean. Didn't that station fill with nobles! I elbowed my way to the gate as a carriage drew up and was just in time to see the Princess of Wales and her two daughters step out. The Prince was not there, so I walked as near Her Royal Highness as I could with courtesy, and blow me if the Londoners didn't take me for the King of Greece, so striking was the likeness between Her Royal Highness and myself. True I did hear some snob say, "Not he; not he, indeed, his nose is too red, and he hasn't as good a figure as Her Royal Highness." But, as I said, that fellow was a snob. As soon as we reached the train I informed Her Royal Highness that I was a F.O.P. (fellow of the press), who had come by private wire from America in order to represent the *New York Herald* at the royal wedding. (N.B.—Please excuse this deviation from my usual truthful conduct, but the occasion justified it, and I've charged extra for it in note of expenses.) The Princess looked at me in doubt for a moment, but, as I spoke through my nose, squirted tobacco juice about plentifully, and picked my teeth with a twelve-inch bowie knife, she believed me, and asked me to take a seat in the carriage. "Please tell us a Yankee tale, Mr. foreign gentleman," said the young Princesses; and I retailed Artemus Ward to them (with additions and improvements) till their hair stood on end, and Mrs. Wales (as I called their ma in order to carry out the delusion) asked me to stop, because the young ladies' toilets were arranged for the occasion, and if I went on much longer their hair would fly off. "Please taste this," she added, and I tasted, drew my hand over the flask mouth, passed it back again, and she tasted. Then we chatted pleasantly. "Like weddings?" said I. "Not much," said she; "ours is a large family already, you know." "Just so," said I, when, waxing confidential, I whispered, "Has Mr. Wales reduced your pin money these bad times?" "No," said she, "but pins has riz." "How do you like Miss Louie Maggie," said I, adding in a quiet voice, "I'm married myself, marm, so speak your mind." She thanked me and said, "Pretty well only."—The train had stopped; then a fellow in a cap put in his ugly mug, and said, "Tickets, please." Mine was third, and he took no notice of the wink and nod I gave him, but looked at a book and said, "25s. 6½d., please." I pulled my purse out at once, and a card along with it, on which was printed, "Mr. N. B., Jackdaw, Manchester." Her Royal Highness picked it up, looked at it, then at me, said something endearing (all I could make out being "base deceiver") about me to that there ticket man, who made no more ado but, laying violent hands on my coat collar,

I somehow or another found myself following him without walking. He must have looked foolish though, for Her Royal Highness and the others did so laugh as he went out. I hid my diminished head in the guard's van for a short time, and then the train stopped at Windsor to let me down. I didn't notice the people about the streets much, but made straight for St. George's Chapel. There's a pub near that sacred edifice, and into it I was drawn. There I found sundry and divers young men, whose heads were disguised in quart pots. I disguised mine also, and felt better after it, so called for another set of masks, and stood treat all round—5s. 3d. noted in bill of expense. They were nice young men; said they were mellowing their notes, and made other remarks of a philosophical nature, till one remarked, looking at a real German silver watch, "that it was time to don their pinafores and prepare to squeak." "Will you come, old boy?" said one man who had drank twice at my expense. "No," said I; "I'm down to see the wedding, but I have forgotten my ticket, so must go and see the Lord Chamberlain." They looked solemn for a moment, then said—"Thomas Jones of ours is sick and cannot leave that corner, you perceive." I looked. The gentleman in question had rather a sickly look down the front of his clothes, and was gracefully keeping down the floor in that corner by lying upon in. "We cannot go shorthanded," said they. "You put on his smockfrock, and come and sing like a nightingale." I began to smell a rat, so said, "Yes." We went in at a side door of the chapel, put on white robes, snaked toffy, then filed slowly into the choir! I proceeded to sing like a nightingale, or, in other words, to make notes. But why should I reveal those beautiful warblings. Have they not already, sir, by your especial desire, appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*, *Illustrated London News*, the *Queen*, the *Budget*, and a host of other equally fortunate journals. They would not be appropriate for your weekly issue. Our aim, sir, is to elevate, not to amuse, and it would be exceeding inconsistent on our part to elevate my nightingale notes to the dignity of the *Jackdaw's* caw. So we say, let them re-echo sweetly through the land in other columns, be it ours of revel in the noble feeling of self-sacrifice with which we are filled when we remember how one gathereth and another reapeth, and how we let Prince Arthur carry off his bride without attempting to put his nose out.

The procession from the chapel to the castle was a grand and imposing affair, but of that next week. Meanwhile, I remain in Windsor, the guest of Royalty, and others.—Ever yours, N. B.

[NOTE.—Our Special is usually a man of temperate habits, so we can only account for his verbosity by supposing that the air of the sunny south has affected his brain. He is, evidently, suffering from an excited imagination.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

LIST OF PRESENTS.*

22 Drinking Cups	from various Topers.
12 Candlesticks	several Gas Companies.
12 Saltcellars	Miss E. Balch.
6 Pepper Boxes	Henpecked Husbands.
6 Clocks	German Princes.
12 Vases	sundry Friends.
2 Tea Services	Old Ladies.
2 Wooden Figures	Lord Barrington.
2 Books ("The Crown and the Cabinet") ..	Mr. Theodore Martin.

The following presents are daily expected:—

"Photo of Charles Peace with Honour" ..	from Lord Beaconsfield.
A fine Deficit	Sir S. Northcote.
A beautifully curled White Plume	The Prince Imperial.
Leather Medal	Count Von Molke.
Bottle of Blood and Iron Mixture	Prince Bismarck.
"How to Live on Sixpence a-day"	The Prince of Wales.
"Benjamin's Mess"	The Daily Papers.
"The Complete Despatch Writer"	Lord Chelmsford.
1,831 Muskets and 50,000lbs. of Powder ..	Mr. J. F. Hutton.
1,000 Reams Soiled Paper	The <i>Courier</i> Office.
"Come back to Erin" (new song)	Mr. Biggar, M.P.
3 Vols. of Wisdom, being Caws	The <i>Jackdaw</i> .

*This narrative is founded on fact.

*Incomplete, nor do we guarantee the correctness of this list.

WEDDING RINGS, 7s. 6d.,

cannot be told from 22-carat gold. LOCKETS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BROOCHES, 1s. 3d. and 2s. EARRINGS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. ALBERTS, 2s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. All the above cased with gold and warranted to wear well. Sent post free. Catalogues post free. CARRINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Jewellers, 378, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.



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That the doctors have prescribed penitence and lime juice, for some time to come, to all concerned.

MR. JOHN SLAGG.

MANCHESTER Conservatives are in a bad way. They regard Mr. John Slagg as a strong candidate—stronger in every way than Mr. W. H. Houldsworth; and, having nothing substantial to bring against him, they are trying to abuse him in a general, rude sort of fashion, as is their custom. Mr. Slagg made an excellent speech at Newton Heath on Saturday night. The *Courier* cannot meet his arguments; consequently, it says he talked "nonsense." Let us see what Mr. Slagg's "nonsense" consisted of. Here is one thing he said:—"We are about to enter on a very important campaign. Remember, we are not going to attempt to reform this Government—that would be impossible; but, having tried it fairly, and having found it guilty of the commission of nearly every mistake and every blunder which a Government is capable of committing, we have determined to turn it out and replace it by a more honest and more successful administration. Now, it is not necessary to approach the condemnation of the present Ministry by assuming that they are a number of evil-hearted persons. No doubt, their private characters are very excellent, and no doubt they are very able, very exemplary men, persons of very great attainments; but we must judge of these men by their fruits, and the fruits of their legislation have been thoroughly unsatisfactory to the people of this country. It is worth your while to reflect, in engaging on this contest, how it is that when one set of men are in power, however amiable they may be personally, we almost invariably have bad trade, bad relations with foreign countries, and disasters and disturbances; whilst when another set of men are in power, we have almost invariably the very reverse of these conditions. Surely these facts must establish in your minds proof that there is something thoroughly wrong in the principles upon which this Tory party acts, or else that they are acting upon no principles whatever." We fail to see any nonsense in all this. Mr. Slagg next criticised the policy of the Government in plunging us into wars and adding to our expenditure and taxation. "Let us see," he proceeded, "what effect all this actually has upon trade. Up to this time, capitalists have suffered in far the greatest degree. Millowners have lost, both in the value of their premises, machinery, and working capital, to an enormous extent; but lately wages have been touched, and we hear of reductions on all sides, as the natural consequence of this continued bad trade. Thus, of all classes in the world, it becomes a working man's question. Capital can go on losing for a very long time; capitalists won't starve for a while; but the working men, who live simply from day to day, are in a very serious and very critical condition if this sort of policy goes on. Why, had trade taken away from working men that independence which is their chief safeguard. They can, and very properly do, have unions to regulate their trade affairs, and they can have laws passed to regulate their hours of labour and leisure; but no laws and no unions in the world will make trade, nor will they induce masters to pay wages which are not earned. It therefore becomes a question for the working men of this country to take up most earnestly the question of turning this Government out of office. The Conservative working man has had the credit of putting the Government into power; I say let it be the honour of the Liberal working men to turn it out again. It is no use tinkering with it—it must go out." These are noble words. It may suit the *Courier* to write them down as "nonsense." The electors of Manchester will have a different tale to tell when the general election comes.

RATHER unexpected was the reply of the urchin who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently, "Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."

DIAMOND RING, 2s. 6d.,

with Paris Diamond in claw-setting, sparkles beautifully. **SNARE RINGS, 2s. 6d., 3s. and 4s. colls.** **STREET, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d.** **BUCKLE RINGS, 5s.;** very Chaste **BUCKLE, 5s.,** with or without 3 Stones. **Ladies' Fancy Rings (assorted coloured stones), 1s. 5d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.** **CARRINGTON & CO.,** Manufacturing Jewellers, 57, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

THAT WEDDING.

MARRIAGE is a serious business; at least, we found it so. The prayer-book says, "It should not, by any, be enterprised, nor taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly," and the prayer-book is quite right. We know people who would prefer rushing sword in hand on a Zulu kraal, to being led as a sheep to the altar; but then these folk know what it is. They have gone through it once, but how could we expect Prince Arthur to know all this? He is a Prince, and could not well be expected to ask us, and we did not like to be rude and force it upon him, so he met his doom like a man. May he be happy!

We are nothing if not loyal, and as pressure of business detained us in Cottonopolis, our best man was sent to Windsor to do justice to the great event. He shall speak for himself.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT WINDSOR.*

[FROM OUR OWN SPECIAL.]

Dear Sir,—I had to travel first-class from London to Windsor, and want the difference between 3rd and 1st class (25s. 6d.) placed to my credit. Of course this is unusual, but so is a royal marriage, and just hear how it came about. As I entered the station, at Paddington, and took my place in the row of third-class ticket getters, a ringing cheer told me to look out. I did as I was told, and saw 2 (two) sailor lads forking out tin for first-class tickets. I hadn't time to ask who they were before I saw that the booking-clerk was going to charge them full fare? "Gently there, my boy," said I to one of them; "ask him for half tickets or he'll do you." The lad smiled, and was about to reply, when a tall gentleman touched me on the shoulder and remarked, "I have charge of the princes; just mind your own business, please." I asked a bystander who he was, and who the princes were, and between his grins, he informed me they were "future Princes of Wales, or some other kind of fish," and that knocked me over, so that the 8-15 a.m. train had started before I recovered. I went into the refreshment-room to wait for the 10-35 special. I wasn't sorry. I drank some coffee, but it's not that I mean. Didn't that station fill with nob! I elbowed my way to the gate as a carriage drew up and was just in time to see the Princess of Wales and her two daughters step out. The Prince was not there, so I walked as near Her Royal Highness as I could with courtesy, and blow me if the Londoners didn't take me for the King of Greece, so striking was the likeness between Her Royal Highness and myself. True I did hear some snob say, "Not he; not he, indeed, his nose is too red, and he hasn't as good a figure as Her Royal Highness." But, as I said, that fellow was a snob. As soon as we reached the train I informed Her Royal Highness that I was a F.O.P. (fellow of the press), who had come by private wire from America in order to represent the *New York Herald* at the royal wedding. (N.B.—Please excuse this deviation from my usual truthful conduct, but the occasion justified it, and I've charged extra for it in note of expenses.) The Princess looked at me in doubt for a moment, but, as I spoke through my nose, squirted tobacco juice about plentifully, and picked my teeth with a twelve-inch bowie knife, she believed me, and asked me to take a seat in the carriage. "Please tell us a Yankee tale, Mr. foreign gentleman," said the young Princesses; and I retailed Artemus Ward to them (with additions and improvements) till their hair stood on end, and Mrs. Wales (as I called their ma in order to carry out the delusion) asked me to stop, because the young ladies' toilets were arranged for the occasion, and if I went on much longer their hair would fly off. "Please taste this," she added, and I tasted, drew my hand over the flask mouth, passed it back again, and she tasted. Then we chatted pleasantly. "Like weddings?" said I. "Not much," said she; "ours is a large family already, you know." "Just so," said I, when, waxing confidential, I whispered, "Has Mr. Wales reduced your pin money these bad times?" "No," said she, "but pins has riz." "How do you like Miss Louie Maggie," said I, adding in a quiet voice, "I'm married myself, marm, so speak your mind." She thanked me and said, "Pretty well only."—The train had stopped; then a fellow in a cap put in his ugly mug, and said, "Tickets, please." Mine was third, and he took no notice of the wink and nod I gave him, but looked at a book and said, "25s. 6d., please." I pulled my purse out at once, and a card along with it, on which was printed, "Mr. N. B., *Jackdaw*, Manchester." Her Royal Highness picked it up, looked at it, then at me, said something endearing (all I could make out being "base deceiver") about me to that there ticket man, who made no more ado but, laying violent hands on my coat collar,

I somehow or another found myself following him without walking. He must have looked foolish though, for Her Royal Highness and the others did so laugh as he went out. I hid my diminished head in the guard's van for a short time, and then the train stopped at Windsor to let me down. I didn't notice the people about the streets much, but made straight for St. George's Chapel. There's a pub near that sacred edifice, and into it I was drawn. There I found sundry and divers young men, whose heads were disguised in quart pots. I disguised mine also, and felt better after it, so called for another set of masks, and stood treat all round—5s. 3d. noted in bill of expense. They were nice young men; said they were mellowing their notes, and made other remarks of a philosophical nature, till one remarked, looking at a real German silver watch, "that it was time to don their pinafores and prepare to squeak." "Will you come, old boy?" said one man who had drank twice at my expense. "No," said I; "I'm down to see the wedding, but I have forgotten my ticket, so must go and see the Lord Chamberlain." They looked solemn for a moment, then said—"Thomas Jones of ours is sick and cannot leave that corner, you perceive." I looked. The gentleman in question had rather a sickly look down the front of his clothes, and was gracefully keeping down the floor in that corner by lying upon in. "We cannot go shorthanded," said they. "You put on his smockfrock, and come and sing like a nightingale." I began to smell a rat, so said, "Yes." We went in at a side door of the chapel, put on white robes, sucked toffy, then filed slowly into the choir! I proceeded to sing like a nightingale, or, in other words, to make notes. But why should I reveal those beautiful warblings. Have they not already, sir, by your especial desire, appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*, *Illustrated London News*, the *Queen*, the *Budget*, and a host of other equally fortunate journals. They would not be appropriate for your weekly issue. Our aim, sir, is to elevate, not to amuse, and it would be exceeding inconsistent on our part to elevate my nightingale notes to the dignity of the *Jackdaw's* caw. So we say, let them re-echo sweetly through the land in other columns, be it ours of revel in the noble feeling of self-sacrifice with which we are filled when we remember how one gathereth and another reapeth, and how we let Prince Arthur carry off his bride without attempting to put his nose out.

The procession from the chapel to the castle was a grand and imposing affair, but of that next week. Meanwhile, I remain in Windsor, the guest of Royalty, and others.—Ever yours, N. B.

[NOTE.—Our Special is usually a man of temperate habits, so we can only account for his verbosity by supposing that the air of the sunny south has affected his brain. He is, evidently, suffering from an excited imagination.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

LIST OF PRESENTS.*

22 Drinking Cups	from various Topers.
12 Candlesticks	several Gas Companies.
12 Saltcellars	Miss E. Balch.
6 Pepper Boxes	Henpecked Husbands.
6 Clocks	German Princes.
12 Vases	sundry Friends.
2 Tea Services	Old Ladies.
2 Wooden Figures	Lord Barrington.
2 Books ("The Crown and the Cabinet") ..	Mr. Theodore Martin.

The following presents are daily expected:—

"Photo of Charles Peace with Honour" ..	from Lord Beaconsfield.
A fine Deficit	Sir S. Northcote.
A beautifully curled White Plume	The Prince Imperial.
Leather Medal	Count Von Molke.
Bottle of Blood and Iron Mixture	Prince Bismarck.
"How to Live on Sixpence a-day"	The Prince of Wales.
"Benjamin's Mess"	The Daily Papers.
"The Complete Despatch Writer"	Lord Chelmsford.
1,831 Muskets and 50,000lbs. of Powder ..	Mr. J. F. Hutton.
1,000 Reams Soiled Paper	The <i>Courier Office</i> .
"Come back to Erin" (new song)	Mr. Biggar, M.P.
3 Vols. of Wisdom, being Caws	The <i>Jackdaw</i> .

*Incomplete, nor do we guarantee the correctness of this list.

*This narrative is founded on fact.

WEDDING RINGS, 1s. 6d.,

cannot be told from 2s. 6d. gold. LOCKETS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BROOCHES, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. EARRINGS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All the above cases with gold and warranted to wear well. Sent post free. Catalogues post free. CARRINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Jewellers, 578, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

FAREWELL TO A MANCHESTER JOURNALIST.

MANCHESTER knows but little of the social habits of certain sections of the community, but, perhaps, least of all is known with respect to the proceedings when "off duty" of that important class yeelpet representatives of the Press. Although daily engaged in chronicling the doings and utterances of others, they, with commendable modesty, rarely obtrude themselves on the public notice. For this reason, doubtless, few people are aware that for several years a well-organised Press Club has existed in Manchester, and that in connection therewith meetings are regularly held for the discussion of questions of general interest. In any other circle such proceedings would occasionally be noted in the public journals. Not so, however, with reference to the reporters. They are content to pass their resolutions and express their opinions on prominent topics of the day without looking for a paragraph in the papers. It is, probably, for the reason just mentioned that no notice has appeared in the pages of our contemporaries of an interesting event which took place on Saturday evening at the Thatched House Hotel. Mr. J. Cruess, who for many years has been a member of the *Examiner's* reporting staff, is about to assume the editorship of the *West Cumberland Guardian*, and it was to take a cordial leave of him and wish him "God speed" in his new career, that upwards of forty of his confrères and friends entertained him at dinner at the hostelry above-named. During his residence in Manchester Mr. Cruess has, by his ability as a journalist, his honesty as a man, and his lenity as a friend, won for himself a large circle of well-wishers. It was not surprising, therefore, that a number of gentlemen outside the ranks of the profession should have desired to do honour to Mr. Cruess by being present at his farewell banquet. The chair was occupied by the President of the club, Mr. W. Lister (chief reporter of the *Examiner*), the vice-chair being filled by Mr. P. Story, one of the reporters of the *Courier*, and senior vice-president of the club. Amongst those present were Mr. Croft, editor of the *Manchester Weekly Times*; Mr. Hadfield, editor of the *Salford Weekly News*; Mr. Picken, editor of the *Evening Mail*; Mr. O'Neil, assistant editor, and Messrs. Beeson and Ferguson, sub-editors, of the *Examiner*; together with the whole of the reporting staffs of the three Manchester daily newspapers. Friends from a distance and former colleagues were represented by Mr. W. S. Mackie, editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review* (formerly chief reporter of the *Examiner*), Mr. Alexander Paul, of the *Daily News*, Mr. Thompson, of the *Yorkshire Post*, Mr. Gatenby, of the *Liverpool Courier*, and Messrs. Spier and Clegg, of the *Liverpool Lantern*. Gentlemen whom without disrespect may be termed "outside friends" were represented by Dr. Sinclair; Mr. Page, superintendent of the Markets; Mr. Goodier, chief of the Consolidated Stock department, Town Hall; Mr. Piercy, artist; Mr. Edwards, solicitor; and Mr. Emerson, manager of the Queen's Theatre. Nor were the expressions of friendly regard confined to the gentlemen present. Letters of apology for non-attendance (to quote the familiar reporting phrase), and bearing strong testimony to Mr. Cruess's excellent and genial qualities, were read by the secretary of the club (Mr. Shovelton) from Mr. J. D. Shaw, *Leeds Mercury*; Mr. Parkinson, *Yorkshire Post*; Mr. Weightman, *Liverpool Courier*; Mr. E. Parker, *Bolton Chronicle*, Mr. Edgar Barnes, London correspondent of the *Examiner*, and Mr. Geo. Babington, London correspondent of the *Courier*. Mr. J. H. Nodel, editor of the *City News*, Mr. Lang, manager of the *Examiner*, and Mr. Parkinson, *Evening News*, also sent letters regretting their inability to be present on the occasion. Reporters, of course, were excluded, and, therefore, the *Jackdaw* is unable to present its readers with any of the flashes of wit which occasionally set the tables in a roar. Suffice it to say that after the toast of the Queen, the health of the guest was drank with musical honours. Other toasts followed, including "Our Old Colleagues," and "Our New Colleagues." The speeches which were delivered afforded ample proof that gentlemen whose business it is to wield the pen can, when occasion requires, address an audience with an oratorical grace which would do credit to many a practised speaker. The aphorism respecting brevity being the "soul of wit" is well understood by pressmen. They have an instinctive horror of bores who weary audiences by their "vain repetitions" and think they will win admiration by "much speaking," and hence, when called upon to speak to a toast, they responded in a style which indicated in a marked manner their sense of the fitness of things. Mr. Cruess has been a valued contributor to these pages, and therefore the *Jackdaw*, while sorry to miss his familiar face, wishes him health and success in his new field of labour.

FOOD REFORM.

LADY correspondent sends us the following:—"On Wednesday evening, in the Memorial Hall, Albert Square, Mrs. Amelia Lewis gave a lecture on 'Food, and the Cooking of it.' She treated it as a national question in which all should be interested. Mrs. Lewis thinks the waste lands of the country ought to be cultivated, so that we should be able to grow more of our food, instead of sending so much money out of the country to bring food from abroad. As to the cooking of the food, Mrs. Lewis gave practical illustrations of her method. The things cooked were excellent, both to sight and taste. The 'Reform' Stove, on which they were cooked, is an invention of her own, and it seems to be a very good one. Being open, it is a deal more cheerful than the gas stoves, and the small consumption of coals makes it a deal more economical than the American stoves. With such a stove, and a few lessons in cookery, no housewife need be under the dominion of her 'cook.' The cooking utensils, which were all of bright tin, are made under Mrs. Lewis' instructions to suit her ideas in the cooking of the food. Mr. Alderman Heywood very ably filled the chair. We trust Mrs. Lewis may be as successful in her series here as she has been in Oldham."

ELECTION OF GUARDIANS.

IT is a pity the election of Guardians of the Poor should take place in April. The dullest mind is tempted to crack a joke about the fitness of things in that connection. Mr. Cane lately assured us that the Guardian of the Poor was a deserving public servant, and yet, the mode of his election needed reforming. On the other hand, those novelists and newspaper men—such as Charles Dickens and others—have frequently held our Guardians up to derision. These romancing writers have asserted that only 2½d. in the shilling of the rates collected is spent upon the poor in some unions, but Mr. Rooke has proved that as much as 9½d. in the shilling is expended upon the poor by other unions. In Manchester, where the "administration" is under the supervision of himself and Mr. Macdonald, it is only fair to say that the sum distributed to the poor does not reach that exorbitant sum by a long way—it is only about 5d. to the shilling. But then we cannot have the perfection of "administration"—and starving people refused relief "according to law" and without "hardship"—unless we pay well for able official assistance. This climax, Mr. Rooke assures us, we have reached in Manchester, and, of course, we are bound to believe him. In our young days we thought statues to eminent men of very little use, but more experience has dispelled the illusion, and we are only sorry that the Guardians do not retire when the years of their public services have established a claim to that distinction. What a beautiful example to other towns we could give by erecting a monument to one of the Guardians, displaying a group of the poor, ranged around, who have been let down without "hardship," and taught to admire the independence of having clean teeth, empty stomachs, and, still more, empty purses.

Now is the time to put gentlemen in nomination for the Board. Will anyone accept the position? There certainly is room for the services of gentlemen who have no self-interest to serve, who have a will of their own, and who will resolve to do their duty without using the official spectacles always offered to novices. Whether anyone will accept the offer of nomination we do not know, but there is no doubt of the urgency of the case. It is idle to deny that many and serious abuses exist in any place which spends about half its income in finding out what to do with the remainder. All men must have a feeling of repugnance in telling disagreeable truths to men who are merely honorary servants of the public, but as this item is one of the acknowledged penalties which men pay for fame, the Guardians cannot fairly expect we should calmly keep quiet whilst they forget their duty to both the public and the poor, and allow the official minds to use them as catspaws. In private life the kindest and most amiable of men, the Guardians snuff deceit where none exists, and have far too lively a faith in the fact that a twelve stone man can starve six days without dying. Let the ratepayers put in nomination men who know the manners and customs of the people, and who will not fail to do their duty without let or hindrance. The present Board needs new blood—it is too ancient and too honourable—there is little sympathy between them and the poor at present; so, instead of being relieved, the poor are frequently sent away empty and crushed in spirit.

A clock is being exhibited at Paris which fires a shot every hour. Somebody says that its great practical utility is "to kill time."

LONGSIGHT CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

IT seems that more than one of our Manchester Conservative Clubs are in a bad way. Witness the following. It is an "important notice" issued by Mr. Harrop, honorary secretary of the Longsight Conservative Club:—

"The Committee feel that something should be done to induce more interest in the Club, and better attendance, and as one of the means towards this end, beg to introduce to your notice an American Billiard Handicap, which will shortly be commenced. The Committee think that this will be the medium of providing amusement at a very trifling cost, to those members who take an interest in the game, and also to those who are non-players a pleasant opportunity will be thus afforded of watching the skill of others. The principle of the American Handicap is that every competitor meets the other, the winner of the highest number of games being the victor. The principle features are:—No entrance fee will be charged. The handicap is open to any member, but the number must necessarily be limited, those who first place their names in a book provided at the Club having the preference. Each competitor will be provided with a card, on which his games will be verified, by one of the Committee, or the Steward, or by any independent member. The first prize, it is expected, will be £10. There will also be a second prize; also, a prize for the competitor who finishes the whole of his games first, the one who first sends in his completed card being declared the winner. A prize to the competitor winning any game by the highest number of points; a prize to the competitor losing any game by the lowest number of points, and other prizes will also be given. It will thus be seen that every competitor, up to the very last game, has a chance of a prize. Full particulars will be posted in the room, and entries may now be made in a book provided at the Club."

An American billiard handicap may "induce more interest in the Club." If that won't, surely nothing else will. While grateful to the many gentlemen who so kindly sent their circulars on to us, we must respectfully remind them that we should not be expected to keep *all* the Conservative Clubs right!

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

ALTHOUGH it is now pretty generally allowed with regard to the rising generation that youth and depravity are two inseparable ideas, nevertheless, some of the performances of these interesting specimens of humanity would strain even the credulity of a person possessed of the liveliest imagination. So far as one can see, the older the world grows the more depraved do juveniles become. One can quite well agree with those who prophesy an early end to this earth of ours, for we can place this theory on quite a scientific basis, when we consider that this world will scarcely be inhabitable in a few years, should the remarkable depravity of youngsters—many, too, only just in their teens—spread in the satisfactory way in which it is now doing. The imperial mind of the youth of the coming age early shows its tastes. The young swell on leaving school considers, of course, it his duty both to himself and his Maker to become as soon as possible acquainted with the charms of the fragrant weed. After having surmounted the difficulties to which such a course renders him liable, he may be seen in his august majesty hurrying down Oxford Road, for instance, puffing at an attractive meerschaum or formidable cigar, and describing all sorts of graceful arabesques with his gold-knobbed stick. The second part of the education of the young rake consists in hovering about hotels and restaurants, thus getting his mind into a "beer proof" state. This last is the most unpleasant part of the whole affair. But after many ineffectual attempts this difficulty is surmounted also. Then come the polishing and finishing off processes of this "moral deterioration." The little angel goes to the theatres, and after a short time is able to pass opinions on the various actresses, as if he had been acquainted with them during the whole period of his short life, and had carried on for some considerable length of time more kinds of correspondence with them than one. He is now in a position to electrify his "pals" with the numberless forms of blasphemy with which he has made himself familiar. He invokes with diverse imprecations the wrath of Jove on So-and-so, and blanks this person or that. In order that, finally, he may justly and properly be qualified as a member of the Society of Dissipated Juveniles, he, with that peculiar beneficence and liberality which so characterises the future generation, allows the girls to be fascinated with him, and, finally, becomes so profligate that His Satanic Majesty cannot fail to applaud him most zealously. As a very amusing sample of the remarkable and unprecedented idiocy, which characterise several of these fasciators, a good deal of sensation was caused in some circles by the following: It seems that, during the late pantomime season, several of these quasi-young

gentlemen, belonging, moreover, to the leading educational establishment of this city, attended one of the pieces then being played regularly and studiously. Overcome, it is to be presumed, by the brilliance of the spectacle, and by all the paraphernalia of artificial beauty, they succumbed to that potent passion, love, though, as bad luck would have it, they all fell in love with the same actress. At first they were contented with agonizing the listener unwilling by the sweet strains of such a song as—

"Here I am, poor Robin."

But at last it was resolved to visit the object of their adoration, which they accordingly did, with what success it is scarcely necessary to dwell on. We suppose this is the advanced type. At any rate, the sole aim of life of these profligate youngsters is never to allow society to forget for the smallest fraction of a second that their Creator introduced them into this world of ours. We must hope that this is the culminating point of such impudence. Assuredly, the Imperial Jingoism of Lord Beaconsfield is entering the souls even of these scapegraces.

PEEL PARK MUSEUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW,"]

SIR,—Undeserved or even ignorant and unscrupulous abuse of any feature in this free and popular Institution has become by repetition from certain quarters quite innocuous. Yet these anonymous critics so thinly disguise their motives that anyone caring to do so can easily make them out; abuse, however strong, from such persons, one can learn to bear, but it would be both dishonest and cowardly to appropriate praise, even from an unfriendly pen, if it were not truthful and deserved.

I wish therefore to inform the readers of the *City Jackdaw* that when the writer of an article last week bearing the title "Peel Park Museum" states that "he observed that the extensive variety of shells are now being rearranged and named and that this is a step in the right direction," &c., his statement to put it courteously, is not true, and his praise is worthless. I reject it, albeit it may be proof that the shells are well named and arranged. The fact is, the British shells were arranged & named as they are now over four years ago—the foreign shells, a larger collection, were named and arranged over ten years ago, and neither collection has undergone any alteration since these dates.

Then again he is in error in writing, that the Gibson collection is a donation, it was bought in 1849 for charity-sake out of Museum funds at a price many times beyond its fair value.

The Gibson collection exhibited consists of about a dozen old uncorked boxes containing rows of badly mounted common British insects collected above sixty years ago; there never was a rare specimen amongst the whole worthless rubbish & age and exposure have made them utterly irredeemable—any entomologist will say so. Then there is a still more rubbishy lot of seeds of common wild plants between bits of very old green window glass—these never had one atom of scientific worth—and if the insects and seeds were burnt, the museum would be a gainer by the space they occupy—but they were "Gibsons" once, and are therefore kept as he left them—a good contrast between the clumsy work of an entomologist of sixty years ago, and the fine and cleaner style of mounting & preserving at the present time—I hope to goodness exposing these mistakes, may not lessen the faith of the readers of the *City Jackdaw* in the remainder of your writers remarks about Peel Park Museum, to do as would be a great pity—Yours, &c.,

THE CURATOR PEEL PARK MUSEUM.

[At Mr. Plant's special request we print his letter precisely as it came from his pen. Our P.D. wanted to improve the precious production; but we would not let him. We hope our readers may be able to understand the writer. If not, it will be Mr. Plant's own fault, not ours. The article in last week's *City Jackdaw* did not give a very glowing account of the state of the Museum in some of its departments. Mr. Plant does not mend matters. On the contrary, he makes them out to be even worse than our correspondent did.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

THE LATE MR. ALDERMAN WILLERT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW,"]

SIR,—It is a singular thing that in the biographical notices of the daily papers of the late Mr. Willert, no mention should have been made of his having been a Jew by birth. His family name was Cohen, which he changed on embracing Christianity. You may rely upon it that this information is correct, and of interest enough to give to the public in your next issue.—Yours, &c.,

H. E.

SONGS FOR SOLDIERS.

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Oh, we've an odd way of Christianizing
These Caffres and such; our mode's surprising;
This minute the Bible and Christ we preach,
The next to our Martini rifles we reach.
It's pleasant to us the heathen to bore
With the Gospel of Peace—but then
Next moment, our smite-the-check fit is o'er,
And again we're hunting men.

For we were made to hunt, my boys,
And it doesn't much matter whether
It's fox, or tiger, or man, my boys,
Or all of the three together.

Of course in theory we're quite saintly,
But in practice our piety comes out faintly,
For to Gospel truths that we softly say,
We add conical bullets; that's our way.
And it puzzles the browns and blacks and such,
When we're out to chase and slay,
Why the Gospel peace we've preached so much
We've so very much stowed away.

But hunters born are we, my boys,
And to us it matters not whether
It's fox, or Afghan, or Zulu, boys,
Or all of the three together.

None of your nonsense; were you saying
We should be praying with and not slaying
The savages we're improving to-day
From the lands we're wanting, to heaven, away?
Ah, the Old Adam, they plain reveal
Those twinklings in your eyes,
And I very well know how, man, you'll feel,
When the Special a fight supplies.

For we're all of us hunters born, my boys,
And it doesn't much matter whether
It's fox, or Afghan, or Caffre, boys,
Or all of the three together.

"Injuns is pison," the Yankee creed is,
And of whatever land the savage breed is,
We act that faith very plain to-day,
Whatever at lazy times we say.

For manifold destiny teaches us
We've a mission to barbarous lands,
Their savages first with our tongues to fust,
Then to slaughter them with our hands.

For we are hunters born, my boys,
And bound to slaughter, whether
It's fox, or Afghan, or Zulu, boys,
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The author fancies that this is a "song." We should not like to hear it sung. This is "getting poetry to the people" with a vengeance!

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LORD BEACONSFIELD is great in his diet as well as great in his doings. We are told that his Lordship's chief sustenance is champagne jelly, which he uses three times a day, and each repast of which costs something like three guineas. The restorative qualities of this nutriment are very great, and to a man of the Premier's sad and meditative temperament and feeble *physique* must be invaluable. If this is true, and the price of this invaluable jelly is as great as alleged, it costs the Premier £3,449. 5s. per annum to diet himself. One who knows his Lordship well informs us that he seldom, or never, makes a speech until he has first primed himself to his heart's content with champagne; and no doubt this accounts in no small measure for the character of the speeches of which he delivers himself.

WHAT do the supporters of Lord Chelmsford and the Government say to this? It is a paragraph from the London Letter in the *Evening News*:—"The dead have been forgotten at Isandula. What became of them? General Chelmsford gave the battlefield a wide berth, lest his men should have been disheartened by the sickening sight. For aught we know, the gallant men whose lives were sacrificed through the blunders of their superiors still remain unburied. Had Lord Chelmsford returned to Isandula after he discovered that Rorke's Drift was safe, and that the enemy had retreated, he might have found some living among the dead, and have saved their lives. But no attempt of the sort seems to have been made. This circumstance seems to have added not a little to Lord Chelmsford's unpopularity." We may hear any day that Colonel Pearson's column has been similarly cut to pieces at Ekowe.

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"SIR," said a young lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a sphere. Of a sphere, madam! Why so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

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MARCH 28, 1879.

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BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

The New Series has been received with unanimous approval by the Press. The following are some of the notices which have been given:—

This deservedly popular magazine appears in a new guise. It has turned over a new leaf—not a better one, for that was impossible; but a larger, and altogether more imposing one. A new series has been commenced, and a new volume, and the issue has been much enlarged, to the advantage of the amused and interested reader, and, in the long run, to "Ab" himself. The first monthly part has come to hand, and its contents make up a respectable volume themselves. It will be found that the stories and sketches are of the usual high-class and racy kind, Mr. Brierley himself contributing largely to the pages. "Ab" writes, for example, "An Owd-Fashint Kesmas," "Eaur Soup Kitchen," and others, amongst which the "local farce" of "The Three Buckleys" deserves special mention. The principal hero, or what might by a stretch of—shall we say courtesy—be called the "heavy villain" of the piece, is a Saddleworth lad, who put his foot in everything. Here is a specimen of the character. When he is asked to take off his overcoat he exclaims, "I wear no topcoat; do I hecky as like! What! an owd Saddlewo'th Buckley lapt up like a dumplin? Ger caut!" The price of the monthly part is only fivepence, and it is a marvel of cheapness, considering the quantity and quality of the contents. With this enlarged *Journal* it will become more popular and more widely circulated than ever.—*Ashton Reporter*, February 8th.

All lovers of Lancashire literature will welcome the appearance of *Ben Brierley's Monthly Journal*, the first number of which was published this month. The weekly publication has for a long time had a high reputation for articles in the vernacular, and those in the new periodical are fully up to the standard. In addition to this, there is a good collection of "magazine stories," so that the *Journal* will prove of interest to ordinary readers who do not understand or enjoy the subtleties of the Lancashire dialect. The contents of the number are very varied, so that everybody's taste will be satisfied. In addition to twenty-six lengthy stories, poems, and papers, there is a great number of interesting "scraps;" the whole combining to make the *Journal* an admirable means of passing an idle hour away.—*Southport Visiter*, February 4th.

People will now have the option of buying the *Journal* weekly or in parts of four weeks, as convenience or fancy may dictate. The alteration is thus one which adds dignity to the periodical and consults the interests of purchasers. We hope it may be attended with all the results its well-wishers anticipate.—*Cheshire County News*, January 31.

Ben Brierley's Journal has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation, not only for its tales and sketches in the "native tongue," but for the

general merits of its literary articles and "scraps." It is now commenced in a new series, and published in monthly parts as well as weekly. The part before us is full of reading, contributed by good and racy writers, not the least of whom is the editor's friend, Mr. Ab-o'th-Yate. Mr. Ben Brierley has now issued his journal for more than ten years, and a better magazine we do not know to recommend to general readers.—*Leigh Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal is a household word in Lancashire; and much as it has been popular in these districts, we opine that in its new and more attractive form it will be a greater favourite with its numerous readers. "Ab-o'th-Yate" has not yet exhausted his humour, and we anticipate now and again a pleasant and amusing effusion from his pen. Besides "Ab," there is no lack of talent on the *Journal*, and in some of its articles, stories, and sketches, it will bear comparison with metropolitan journals of far higher pretensions.—*Oldham Chronicle*, January 29th.

The first part of the new series of this work has just come to hand. The contents are really charming, and cannot fail to brighten many a gloomy face. We recommend the work to our readers, feeling sure that its new form of appearance will, in itself, be recommendable.—*Masbro' and Swinton Times*, January 31st.

The first monthly part of a new series of an old familiar journal in the "Lanky" dialect—*Ben Brierley's*—has been forwarded to us for notice. It gives a bit of everything "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is in the language best understood by the masses of our Lancashire operatives, and contains exactly the kind of wit and humour which is most relished by the people of this and other towns and villages in the county palatine.—*Darwen News*, February 1st.

This journal is widening and improving its sphere—is aiming to be entertaining not only as a Lancashire, but as a general periodical; and we wish it success. For upwards of ten years the *Journal* has been established, charming during the period many with its stories and sketches; and now the editor, aided by duly-selected literary auxiliaries, means to make it yet more widely known and agreeable. The first monthly part, which has been sent to us, contains stories and sketches of various kinds—some in the dialect of the county—poetical and comical composition, biographical, antiquarian, scientific, and anecdotal matter; here and there we have an illustration; and altogether, considering its price and provincialism, it is a very deserving production. Lancashire people in particular ought to give a hearty support to this literary enterprise.—*Preston Chronicle*, February 1st.

Anything conducive to the acceptability of this

excellent periodical will always be viewed with satisfaction. The thoroughly wholesome style of its writings, the fact that Mr. Brierley and his associates possess the secret of being thoroughly amusing, and making a bid for the most extended popularity, without descending to the arts of the "penny dreadful," renders the journal in question one which it is desirable to encourage. In its own line we do not know that *Ben Brierley's Journal* has a rival. In any other part of England it is very probably without a competitor; in Lancashire, this is true certainly. From Jan., 1879, the journal, although the weekly issues will still be continued, will take rank among the "monthlies."—*Stockport Chronicle*, Jan. 31st.

Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, of Manchester, send us a copy of *Ben Brierley's Journal* (5d.) This is full of stories well suited to the tastes of the good folk of Lancashire, and the very name of the journal has a ring of good-fellowship about it which should secure a large circulation amongst those who love a "gradely honest mon."—*The Fountain*, February 6th.

It is with pleasure we greet the first monthly number of this journal, and we are persuaded that it will be well received by the admirers of Lancashire dialect. When we see such names as Ben Brierley, E. A. Axon, J. Barnes, and other prominent writers, who contribute largely to this periodical, we may be sure that it contains some enjoyable reading, and this issue does credit to all concerned.—*Salford Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal has entered upon a new series, and is taking new paths, while the old ones are not neglected. The fresh spurt which has been made is one which is sure to commend itself to a wider field of readers, and to readers of broader and more varied tastes. In addition to the weekly issue there is now a monthly number, the first of which is before us. It contains a good deal to specially interest readers in this neighbourhood. *Ben Brierley's Journal* is trying to deserve greater success, and we have no doubt it will achieve it.—*Eccles Advertiser*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal contains a fair amount of entertaining matter; and, cultivating as it does the vernacular to a very large extent, it is an especial favourite with Lancashire readers. With January of the present year was commenced a new series, into which several improvements are introduced. Though the matter is chiefly what might be termed "light" in its complexion, yet there are not wanting contributions of a solid character, and several of these are illustrated with characteristic woodcuts. It is, taken as a whole, a cheap and ably-conducted popular serial.—*Barnsley Chronicle*, February 15th.

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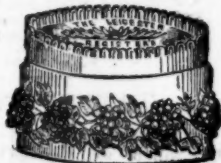
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